

Certayne Chapters of
the pꝛouerbes of Salomon drawen
into metre by Thomas sterne
holde, late grome of the
kynges Magest-
es robes.

Impꝛynted at London by John
Case, dwellynge in Peter
colledge rentes, for Wil-
lyam Seres.

*Cum pꝛiuitlegio ad im-
mendum solum,*

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PROCEEDS OF THE SALE OF THE
LIBRARY OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM
AND THE
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To the ryght worshipful, and my sin-
guler good Maister, Syr Thomas
Spck knyght, one of the gentilmen,
of the kynges maiesties most honou-
rable priuy chambze, your most bou-
den seruaunte to commaunde at all
tymes, Ihon Case wysheth wor-
shyppe, healthe, and prospe-
ritie, wyth encrease
of vertue.



COnsiderynge the du-
ty and seruiçe whyche
I owe to youre good
maistershyppe, I haue
no lesse then iust cause
wyth chearfull & rea-
dy herte, to offer the same vnto you.
As well for that youre maistershyppe
hath not onely shewed manifold beni-
fites to my poore frendes, but also
vnto me, beyng one among al other
lest able to acquite any parte of youre
goodnes, my power and habilitie be-
yng smalle, myne herte and mynde
A.ii. beyng

beyng readye. In token whereof I
 haue dedicated thys little boke vnto
 your maistershyppes name, desiering
 you accordyng to your accustomed
 gentlenesse to take the same in good
 parte, and also for a testimonye, that
 if I were able by anye other meane
 to gratifye your maistershyppe, that
 I woulde be as ready as any manne
 lyuyng. The coppe of thys boke was
 deliuered me by a frende of myne be-
 yng sometime seruaunte vnto mai-
 ster Thomas Sterneholde, whereby
 it is to be coniectured, that the same
 were putte in metre by hym, yet not so
 perfectly perused, by reaso of sodaine
 deathe, as perchaunce he would haue
 done, if he hadde longer lyued. Not-
 withstandyng, I truste your master
 shyppe nor any other shall thynke the
 worthy to lye in a corner, and neuer to
 appeare abrode. In hope whereof I
 haue caused the same to be prynted,
 & haue dedicated the same vnto you,
 as

Certayne lessons.

as the fyrste frutes of my good wyll,
towards your maisterhippe.

Thus desierynge God to
prosperete you in al wor-
shippe & encrease of
vertue.

Your good maisterhyps most
humble seruaunt at al tynes to
commaunde John Case.

Of al your dedes to good aduice
cast in your myndes alwayes the
woit bought is of to bere apyice, (and
the tried trust take as your frend.
For frendes I fynd there be but two,
of countenaunce & of effect:
Of the one sorte there are inoughe,
but fewe bene of the other sect.
Also beware the venime swete,
of fyled wordes and flattery:
For to deceiue, they be mooste mete,
that best can playe hypocrisie.
let wisdom rule your dede & thought
so shal your works be wiselt wrought

A.iii.

Who

Certaine lessons.

Who lyst to leade a quiet lyfe,
Who lyst to rid him self fro strife:
Geue care to me, marke what I saye,
remēbre well, beate it away.
Hold backe thy tong at meate & mele
speke but few wordes, bestow the wel
By wordes the wise man þ̄ shalt espye
by wordes a fole thou shalt sone try.
A wise man can his tonge make cease,
a fole can neuer hold hys peace.
Who loueth reste, of wordes beware,
who loueth wordes, is sure of care,
for wordes oſtymes, mē haue bē chēt
for silence kept, fewe theim repente.
Two eares, one tong, only thou hast,
mo thinges to hear, then wordes to
A fole in no wise cā hī forbeare, (wast
he hath two tonges, & but one eare.
Be sure thou kepe a stedfastt brayne,
lest that thy wordes put þ̄ to paine.
Wordes wisely set are worthe much
þ̄ price of rashnes is sone told (gold
If time require wordes to be had,
to hold thi peace I hold the madde
Talke

Certaine lessons.

Talke onely of needful verities;
stryue not for triflyng fantasies.
With sobetnes the trouthe boult out,
affyrme nothing wherein is doubt.
Who to this song wil take good hede,
& spend no mo wordes then he nede.
Though he be a foole & haue no bryne
he shal bi this great wylsome gaine.
Speke while time is, els hold y styll,
wordes out of time oft thyngs do spil.
Say wel, & do wel, are thyngs twaine
twise blest is he, in who both do raine
Say well is sure a worthy thyng,
of say wel great goodnes doth alway
Saywel fro dowel differ a leter (sprig
saywel is good, but dowel is better.
Say wel is ruled by man somedeale,
do wel to god doth wholly appeale.
Saywel is good, & doth many please
do wel is better, & doth the world ease
Saywel cause many to scripture cleue
for lack of dowel, they quickly leue.
If saywel & dowel, wer ioind in frains
al were wel & wone, gote were y game
Say

Certaine lessons.

Say wel in Daunger of death is cold
Do wel is earnest, and woderous bold
When say wel for feare doth tremble
and quake,
Do well is to conde, and good cheare
doth make.

Finis.

The prouerbes

of Salomon, traunslated into
Englyshe meter.

Argumentum. Cha. i.

The wisedome of the Lord our God,
doth call vpon vs still:
That we be farre from wicked men,
and folowe not their wyll.



Y son thi father hache vnto
a to hye loze encline.

Forsake þ not thy mothers
but sure let it be thine (law)

For that shall cause grace plētifull,
to lyght vpon thine heade:

And on thy necke shall be a chayne,
and stande the in good steade.

Therfore (my son) take þ good hede
when synners do the tempte,
For thoughe that they do the entyce,
to them do not consente.

If they shal saye, come thou w vs,
let vs laye wyfte for bloude:

A. i.

And

In metre.

And causeles kyll the innocent,
and spoyle them of theyꝝ good.

Let vs them swallowe quicke and
let vs deuour them all: (hole

As those that fynde into a pitte,
so shall they take theyꝝ fall.

And we shall costelye ryches fynde;
to do therewith our wyl:

And wyth the spoyles þ we shal gette
we may our houses fyll.

Caste in thy lotte amonge vs now,
a man of that thou arte:

And then we wyl haue all one purse;
and thou shalt haue thy parte.

But walke þ not with the (my son)
theyꝝ pathes do thou refrayne:

Theyꝝ feete are hasty bloude to shede,
all yll they do retayne.

But all in vaine the nette is layde,
before the byꝝdes eyes:

Yet one an others bloude to spyll,
much all they do deuise.

And they the selues their own deat
this waye do hurte and noye: (blud

And

The proverbes of Salomon

And theyr owne Soules do quite De-
of all eternal ioye. (priue

Thys is the way of greedy men
and thys is all theyr feate:

For to betrye his brothers lyfe:
his ryches for to gette.

Without therfore dothe wysedome
& putteth forth hyr voyce: call

Behold for in the open streates,
to you she maketh noyse.

She calleth before the multitude,
that all men may hyr knowe.

And in the towne gates openly,
hyr wordes she doth now shewe.

Oh folysh men and fonde saith she
howe longe wyll ye delyte:

In folcish schole: and ye vntwyse,
to wysedome beate suche spyte.

Oh turne to my correction,
I wyll my mynde expresse:

And I wyl make you vnderstand
my wordes both moze and lesse.

Since then that I haue called you
and ye refuse my name:

In metre.

And haue put forth myne hande also,
and ye forlake the same.

And al my counsels ye haue hadde,
in mockynge and despite.

And also my correction,
haue set at naught and lyght.

Therefore wyl I laughe ioyfully,
in your destruction:

And mocke you whan the plage you
shall iustely on you come. (feare

And whā þ which you fear so much
full sodaynly doth fall:

And troubles and great heuines,
shall come vpon you all.

Thē when you do vpon me craue,
I wyl not heate your mynde:
Thoughe you seke me, and that early
yet shall you not me fynde.

And why? I saye bycause that you,
my knowledge so abhorde:
And cast away agaynst my wyl,
the feare of God the Lorde.

I sayde before they dyd refuse,
my counsels euery one:

And

The prouerbes of Salomon,
And dyd not cease for to despyse,
my good correction.

To eat the frute of their owne way
the Lord shal them constrayne:
With y^e deuce he shal them fyll
of they^r insensate brayne.

And for the fall of the vnwyse,
he shal them slaye anone:
And eke the wealth of folles shal be,
their owne confuston.

But who to me that geueth eare,
shall dwell safely I saie:
And haue inough, and nede not feare
by nyght, nor yet by daye.

Argumentum. Cha. ii.

It is here taught that we shuld learne
Gods wysdome to obtayne:

The wealeh also that comth therof
is here described plaine.

My son receiue y^e these my wordes,
the which shalbe right wise
And kepe thou my commaundemētes,
my son I the aduise.

A.iii.

So

In metre.

So that thine eares may euermore
to wysedomes scholes encline:
Applye thyne herte to vnderstand
suche thynges as he diuine.

For if thou after wysedome crie,
and styll vpon hye craue:

And calleste on for knowledge gyfte,
bycause thou wouldest hye haue.

And seke for hye as þe wouldest seke
for mony in the dust.

And dygge for hye as treasure that
in earth is hydde and trust.

The shalt þe ryght wel vnderstade,
the feare of god the Lorde:

And of hys lawe the knowledge find,
accoordynge to hys worde.

For god alone doth gyue to vs,
hys wise doine for to speake:

Out of hys mouthe doth knowledge
and vnderstandynge eke.

The rightuous men he doth pre-
in welfare through his might. (serue
He dothe defende the innocent
that walke his way aright,

He

The prouerbes of Salomon,

He doth them kepe strayght in hys
that they go not astraye: (pathes

He doth directe hys holy ones,
to walke ryght in his waye.

If thou be suche, þu shalt the learne
by iustice for to deale:

With euery man in equyte,
throughout the comen weale.

In iudgemente ryght thou shalt
all other men excell: (lykewise

And euery good path vnto the,
the lord shall shewe full well.

If wysedome enter in thyne hette,
and knowledge in thy spyte:

Then vnderstandyng good counsell,
shall the preserve vpryght.

That thou mayst so deliuerd be
from euery wycked waye:

And fro those men þu froward thynges
do alwayes speake and saye.

The whych do leaue þu way of light
and walke in darckenes still:

And which reioyce most iocundly,
when they haue done full yll.

Altit

which

In metro.

Whiche do Delyte in wyckednes,
Whose wayes are vyle & vayne:
Whose croked pathes ar flauderouse
from them do thou refrayne.

That also fro the straunge woman
Deliuerde thou mayste be:
And from hyr eke that is not thyn:
Or was not wedde to the.

Which speketh fayr, & doth forlake
the husband of hyr yowth:
And doth forget the commaunt made,
of God and of hys trouth.

Take hede, hyr house enclineth fast
to death, as I the tell:
Hyр pathes are sure the ready way,
that leadeth doune to hell.

And they also that go to hyr,
Shall not come out agayne:
Nor take holde of the way of lyfe,
I tell the thys is playne.

That thou mayst walke in the sure
wherof I do the tell: (waye)
And kepe þ pathes of ryghtuousnes,
then shalt thou do ryght well.

For

The prouerbes of Salomon

For why: the iuste shall euer lyue,
in ioye that dothe not cease:

The innocente remaine on earth
in wealth, and eke in peace.

But the vngodly shall be plucked,
out of the lande I saye:

And wycked men chased thalbe,
out of the same for aye.

Argumentū. Cha. iii.

Sure trust in god ought al men haue
and not in their owne braine

The wicked man thou shalt not feare,
ne yet the skorne vaine.



I son, forget not þ my lawe
but haue it styl in sight:

And let thyne herte obserue
so shalt þ walke aryght. (my words

For sure they shall prolōg thy daies
thyne yeres, and lyfe also:

And byng the peace and quietnes,
and rydde the out of wo.

Let mercy nor yet faythfulnes
henceforth from the departe:

Bynde

In metre.

Bynd them about thy necke (my son)
and wyte them in thyne herte.

And so shalt þe greate fauour wine,
of god and eke of men:

In vnderstandyng perfittlye,
expert thou shalt be then.

Wyth al thyne hert to god the lord
put confidence and truste:

And leane thou not in anye wyse
to thyne owne wytte and luste.

In al thy wayes haue thou respect
vnto the luyng lord:

He shall thy doynges order well
accoordynge to hys worde:

Be not to wyse in thy conceyte,
but feare god in thyne herte:

In haste also from wyckednes,
endeuoure to departe.

So shall thy nauyll styll (my sone)
continue hole and sounde:

Thy bones also and body shall,
wyth lyuely strength abounde.

Honoure the lord, and to him giue
the best of thy substance:

And

The proverbes of Salomon
And the fyrst frutes of thynne encrease
his gloze to aduaunce.

So shal thy barnes be fylled full,
and that wyth plentuousnes.
Thy presses all shall ouerflowe,
wyth wyne of greate sweetenes.

The bytter scourge of god thy lord,
(my sonne) do not despise:
And when thou arte rebukte of hym,
faynte not in any wyse.

For loke whō that y^e lord doth loue
hys rodde shall on hym lyght:
Euen as the father whypes hys sonne
to knowe hym selfe aright.

Yet doth the lord neuertheles
loue hys afflicted styll:
Euen as the father dothe hys chylde,
when he hath bete hys tyll.

Full well is he therefore I say,
the whych dothe wysedome fynde
And vnderstandynge to obtayne,
doth sette hys herte and mynde.

For matchaūdice ther is none such
throughtout the worlde so rounde.

There

In metre.

There is no siluer nor yet golde,
wherin such wealth is founde.

More worth the al þ gold on earth,
let wysedome be to the:
To hyr all thyng thou canste desyre,
compated maye not be.

On hyr ryght hand attendaunt is
longe lyfe, wyth coloure grene:
And honour standes on hyr left hand,
wyth ryches well besene.

Hyр waves also right pleasaunt are
whyche pleasure doth not cease:
Hyр pathes lyke wyse are nothyng els
but vnitie and peace.

She is a tre of lyfe to them,
that laye holde on hyr ryght:
And blesse are they that kepe hyr fast,
wyth all theyr power and myght.

In wysedome eke the lpyng Lord
full well the earth dyd founde:
And w hys word þ heauens he made
the earthe to compasse rounde.

And throughe the wysedome of the
the watets brake vp all: (lorde
The

The prouerbes of Salomon

**The cloudes also pour downe raine
that on the earth doth fall.**

**My son, lette not these thynges de-
at no tyme from thyne eyes: (parte
But kepe my lawe and counsels all,
by the in any wyse.**

**So shall it be eternall lyfe,
thy soule for to embrace:
Thy mouth shall be replenished
wth vertue and wth grace.**

**Then shalt thou be ryght sure to
ful boldely in the waye: (walke
Thy feete shall neuer slyppe from the
by nyght, nor yet by daye.**

**If thou dost slepe at any tyme,
thou needst not be afrayed:
But sweetely slepe, and take thy reste,
for god wyl be thyne ayde.**

**And thoughe that the vngodly me,
rushe in wth byolence:
Thou shalt not be afrayed at all,
for god is thy defence.**

**The lord wyl stand fast by thy syde,
and helpe the at thy nede:**

And

In metre

And kepe the safe, and suffer not,
thyne enemies to procede.

And such as woulde to other men
do good wpth all their herte:
And haue therto sufficient,
to let is not thy part.

And if thy selfe thou able be,
thy neyghboure to releue:
Helpe him with such as þu maist spare
and gladly to hym gyue.

Refuse not to do good to them
to whome it doth belonge:
Whyle that thy right hand able is
to do it them amonge:

And if thy frend do aske of the
say not, gette thou thy waye:
To morrowe come agayne to me,
or els some other daye.

And then I will gyue the (þu sayste)
where as thou mayst it now:
Euen out of hande, and if thou wylte,
thys god doth not alowe.

Intēd not to thy neyghbours hurt
where he no harme hath ment:

And

The prouerbes of Salomon
And wher to liue in rest and peace
he settes his whole entente.

Striue not (my sonne) w any mā,
where as he doth no woo:
Nor folowe thou the vniust man;
but hye the fast him froo.

For why? the way of scorers all,
the Lorde doth cleane deteste:
And for to talke wth symple men
the Lorde is pleased beste.

Greate scarcitpe the lord doth send
wher wycked men abyde:
But he doth blesse the godly men.
and shall for them prouide.

The lord shall laugh at skornefull
and mocke them to their face: men
But to the lowly he wyl gyue,
hys goodnes and hys grace.

The wyle wth their possessyons;
in honoure shall remayne:
But chaine is the promotion
that folyshe men obtayne.

Argu-

In metre

Argumen. Cha. iiii.

Nowe sagely and home fatherly,
he doth vs here aduise:

That we from euil our hertes refraine
and study to be wise.



Children heare your father
how he doth you exhort: (now
Take hede & you do wisdom
which shalbe your confort. (lerne

And I wyl gyue you good reward
and therwpythe wyl you fyll:

If you wyl not forlake my lawe,
but study therein styll.

For when I was the onely sonne,
of both my parentes dere:
And tenderly beloued was,
of father and mothere.

Then he taught me full loungeyly
and vnto me dyd preache:
And thus he sayde full oftentymes
as I wyl you nowe teache.

Se that thou dost receiue (sayd he)
my wordes into thy breste:
And kepe the wel, so shalt thou lyue
in perfite ioye and reste.

In

The proverbes of Salomon

In vnderstandynge busilpe,
apply thy selfe alwaye:

Let not the same depart from the
by nyght, nor yet by daye.

And wysedome neuer suffer thou,
from the for to digresse:

If thou loue hyr she shall p̄serue,
and kepe the from distresse.

The chiefest point of wysedome is,
that thou do take in hande:

Befoze al goodes wysdome to gette,
and learne to vnderstande.

Make much of hyr & she shall the,
promote to power and might:

And if thou hyr embrace, she shall
to honour brynge the ryght.

For she wyl make thyne head truly
both good and gracious:

And w̄ a crowne shall garnyshe it,
that is full gloriouse.

My son, therfore embrace w̄ spede
the wordes I say to the:

So that thy yeares in ioye and peace
on earth prolonged be.

B.i.

The

In metre.

The wayes of wysedome vnto the
I shall make fayre and playne:
And in the pathes of equitpe,
shall leaue the to remayne.

So that thou mayste walke wel in
a haue none hinderaunce: them
And when þe runst, thou shalt not fal,
noz haue an euyl chaunce.

Of wisdomē the sure hold take þe
and do not lette hyr goo:
In keepynge hyr, thou shalt surely,
Defended be from woo.

And in the path come not (my son)
of the vngodly trayne:
Noz walke thou in the wycked waye,
of them whose lyfe is vayne.

From the yll trade of naughty men,
departe thou cleane asyde:
And se that thou go farre from them,
and kepe the still awyde.

They can not sleepe tyll they haue
some harme oz els myschefe: (done
Noz take their reaste tyll they haue
to some mā wo oz grieve. wrought
foz

The prouerbes of Salomon

For they do eate the bytter breade
of wylfull wyckednes:

And drynke the wine of cōinen spoule
and all vngodlines.

The pleasaūt pathes of godly mē
appeare bothe lyght and gaye:

And to al men moze byght do thyne
then doth the lyghtsome daye.

But the yll waye of wycked men,
to darckenes is comparde:

Wherin men fall, or they beware,
or els do scape ful harde.

My sonne, marke well my wordes
that I do to the tel: (therefore

And to the same thyne eares enclyne,
and vnderstande them well.

And se that frō thy faythful minde,
thou letst them not departe:

But kepe them styl ful stedfastly,
in the mydst of the herte:

For they are lyfe vnto al those
that chaunceth them to synde:

And health of bodye to al suche,
as beare them in theyr mynde.

In metre.

My son also kepe well thyne herte,
for therein resteth lyfe:

And put from the a frowarde mouth;
and lyppes that causen stryfe.

And let thine eyes wth diligence,
behold that which is ryght:

And eke thyne eye lyddes loke befoze
directly in the lyght

Marcke well thy pathes, lest þ^t thy
happe sodainly to syde: fete

So shall thy gate be sure inoughe,
whether thou go oz ryde.

Turne not asyde on the left hande,
nor yet vnto the righte:

But kepe away from wyckednes,
thy fete wyth all thy myght.

The perfite pathes the Lord doth
that l^ede the way of lyght: (knowe

The wycked wayes the lord also
considereth aryght.

But such as walke in godlines
the lord wyll kepe and saue:

And all they^r iourneys prosperre so
that they none harne shall haue

Argu^e

The prouerbes of Salomon

Argumen. Cha. v.

All harlottes be, thine honour saue
thy yeres spende not in vaine
Of thine owne floure entoy the fruite,
straunge loue also refraine,

MA son giue eare, & that with
my wisdom folow þ: (spede
With good pretēce to wise=
thine eares se that þ bow (doings scole
So that thou dost regarde alwaye.
my ryght and good counsell:
And þ thy lyppes may nurtour kepe.
lyke wyse in speakynge well.

The flatteryng lyppes of wycke
may well compared be: (horses
To hony combes whych do distyll
as we do often see.

Whose wordes appeare vnto thine
as smoth as any oyle: (eares
But þ art lyke wout good hede,
to take the shame and foyle.

And in the ende the pleasure paste,
assured mayste thou be:
The bitter taste of wormewood shall
more pleasaunt seme to the.

B.iii.

And

In metre.

And so likewise more sharpe she is,
then swerde of stele wel wrought:
Whiche on both sides w cutting edge
mans lyfe doth bynge to nought.

Forsake she hath the pathe of lyfe,
bustedfast is hyr waye:

So þ thou shalt it neuer knowe
what euer she doth saye.

Hyfete do leade the way to death
hyr steppes do leade to hell:

The same be alwayes wanderynge,
and in no place can dwel.

Beue care therfore my son alwaye,
and herke well vnto me:

And on the words of my wise mouth,
attendaunte se thou be.

Estraunge thy selfe as farre fro hir
as euer that thou maye:

And come not nie hyr doores nor house
by nyght nor yet by daye.

And do thou not thine honoz giue
vnto an other one:

Nor yet the fruite of thy longe yerres,
to suche as be thy fone.

That

The prouerbes of Salomon

**That wpth thy ryches other men;
theyr houses do not fyll:**

**For w thy paynes a straigers house
be stufte agaynste thy wpll.**

**Lest that þ moutne, but all to late
vpon a wofull daye:**

**When þ haste spent both lyfe & good
and be compelde to saue.**

**Alas why did I nourtour hate
why dyd myne herte despyse:**

**The learnynge pure þ I was taught
which woulde haue made me wyle**

**Why was I not obediente,
to them that dyd me teach:**

**And harkened not to them the whych
so muche to me dyd preache.**

**Wherfore almost all care & grieve,
is casten me vpon:**

**In the myddst of the multitude,
and congregation.**

**To vse the drinke of thine owne wel
is sure a pleasaunte thyng:**

**And of the brooke that floweth from,
the heade of thyne owne spyng.**

B.iii.

Suffer

Tru metre.

Suffer the same to overflowe,
as ryuers to the byrncke:
That water pure the neady may,
of them at all tyines dryncke.

Yet let them be thynne owne onelye,
if nede of them thou haste:

And the straunge mā kepe well from
if long they may not laste (thein

Likewise be gladde of thynne owne
depart þ̄ not hit froo: (wyfe

A loupnge hynd thou shalt hyz haue,
tremdely be the Ros.

The brestes of hyz se that alwayes,
ffisaunt be to the:

and with hyz loue hold the cōtente
so shall you best agre.

Wherfore (my sōne) why wilt thou
in harlottes such delyte: (haue

And doste einbrace thy neighboures
And dost to hym suche spyte. (wife

Remembze that of eche mans lyfe,
the trade in the Lordes syght:

Apeareth plaine, which he doth iudge
accoꝝdpyng vnto ryght.

And

The prouerbes of Salomon

And of mā's steppes w watchfull
the nombze hath he told: etes

And doth hys wayes w iudgemente
consider and beholde. (right

The wyckednes of an ill man
shall catche hym selfe at laste:

And w the snares of hys owne synne
he shall be trapped faste.

Bycause he would: not learned be
death shall him ouercome:

And headlong for hys folyshnes,
to Sathan shall he runne.

Argumen. Cha. vi.

Here art thou warned of suretshippe,
and mouthfulnes to ste:

Of doctrine false beware the sergh:
and ste adulterie.



I sone if thou a suretpe be,
or promise for thy frende:

Thou haste thy hād so faste=
it wil not be vntwind. (ned

And bound þ art in thyne own woꝝ=
as faste as thou mayste be: (Des

And taken art in thyne owne speache,
till he acquiteth the.

Dis=

In metre.

Discharge thy selfe for þ̃ arte come
into thy neyghbours dette:

Seke then all meanes, and se if thou
thy neighbour canste entreate.

Refrayne thyne eyes from to much
and to thy selfe beware: (sleepe

As doth þ̃ doo the blouddy houndes,
or byrde the fowlers snare.

The lytle ant(thou slouthful man)
to thyne example take:

And lerne of hyr for to be wyse,
and purueyaunce to make.

For where she hath no gouernour,
nor maister hyr to learne:

Nor wytty kynge vnder whose rule,
well holden is the sterne.

Yet nature doth in hir this worke
wythout any other gyde:

In somet tyme wyth busy care,
for wynter to prouide.

How long wilt þ̃ (oh sloughish mā)
in idlenes remayne:

And giue the whole to rest and slepe,
and slackest to take payne.

Go

The prouerbes of Salomon
Go to, go to, slepe hardely,
and slumbze out thy fyl:
With folded armes lye downe to rest
and take thou thyne owne wyl.

As one that iourneth by the waye,
so pouertye shall coine:
And also lyke a weponed man,
on the shall fiercely conne.

But if thou be industrious,
and well thy labour pleye:
Thyne heruest shall be plentiful;
and yelde abundauntlye.

And as the riuers great and dep.,
encrease by rage of rayne:
So shall thy barnes be stuffed ful
of cozne, and eke of grayne.

And thou shall stand nothyng at al,
in feare of anye lacke:
The wofull bagge of beggery,
shall neuer greue thy backe.

A wycked man, and he that is
replenished wth gyle:
Both alwaye seke maliciouflye,
wth lyes the to begyle.

In metre.

He serueth to none vse at all,
he fleteth wyth hys eyes:
And wyth his fingers meneth craft
and giues hym selfe to lyes.

And he dothe alwayes exercise.
Some mischyeffe for hys parte:
And causer is of muche discorde,
throughe malice of hys herte.

With hast therefore reinediles,
some yll shall on hym fal:
From him his lyfe shall taken be.
when he thynkes lest of all.

Six things there be on earth (in)
which god doth hate full sore (son)
The seuenth aboue the other six
th. lord doth most abhoze.

A proud disdainfull loke the lord,
doth vtterly refuse:
A lyinge tonge wyth filed wordes
deceitfully doth vse.

The hurtful handes which haste do
the giltles bloud to spyll: make
And can not els them selues refraine,
til they haue done some ill.

An

The proverbes of Salomon

An hert þ̄ doth his euill thoughtes
to thys onely employe:
which way to worke most wickednes
and other men to hope.

The fete also which ready be
greate synnes for to committe:
And in one place can neuer stande
till they some mischiefe hitte.

A witnes false that doth his lippes
deceitfully applye:
And couertly hys neighbour greue,
with some newe forged lye.

The sowter of discorde is worse,
when brethren doth agre:
And he þ̄ doth cause louinge frendes
greate enemies for to be.

But thou my son, my counsels al
print sure into thine herte:
Do not forsake thy mothers lawe
nor laye the same aparte.

Commende them to thy memorie,
binde them thy necke about:
And wher thou goest, lead the wth the,
then slepe and haue no doubte.

And

In mette.

And when þu wakst out of thy slepe
in them se thou delyte:

For my preceptes a lantarne are,
and to thy fete a lyghte.

In whych thou maiste wout peril,
passe safely on thy waye:

For nurtour is if thou it take,
to lyfe a ready stape.

The same shal the preserve also,
from hyr that lyues amysse:

And also from the harlots tonge,
whych so deceptfull is.

Let not hyr beutye the enflame
hyr becke are very hokes:

To catche thyne herte into hir snate,
through hyr deceptful woꝝkes.

To bring a mā to begge his bread,
it is an harlots guyle:

But for the lyfe of honestye,
the godly dothe deuise.

May any man the flampnge fyre,
in hys bare bosome bypunge:

But that it shall hys clothes burne,
and cause his fleshe to wyunge:

The prouerbes of Salomon

Or may a man on redde hote colcs
barefote passe on hys waye:
And yet the same him neuer greue:
no no, I dare well saue.

Eue so I thynke that the same mā
that doth an harlote sec:
And vseth hym to touche hys oft,
vngiltye can not be.

The thiefe is not despyled of al,
that steales for very nede:
His greedy wombe, & hongry guttes,
in hongre for to fede.

The vtinost is, if he be found,
seuentynnes to yelde agayne:
Or els to make ainendes wythal,
his goodes that do remayne.

But if thou be in whoredome found
with anye neighbours wyfe:
Thou plaist the sole, for þu dost byng;
destruction on thy life.

Thou gettest thy selfe rebuke and
wherof none can the rydde: (Shame
Dishonour eke thou purchasest,
which neuer shall be hydde.

In metre.

For why: his husbands wrathful ire
entreated can not be:
Thoughe þ̃ giue giftes, amendes to
as much as is in the. make

Argumen. Cha. vii.

In this he doth all men exhort.
to wisdom for to cleave.
he sheweth eke the harlots tricks
wherwith she doth deceyue.



I son marke wel my counsels
I lay them vp in store: (al
Obserue wel my comaūde-
by the for euermore. mētes

And honoure thou the luyng lord
so shalt thou be ryght sure:
To rayne in ioyes celestiaall,
whiche euer shall endure.

And other goddes feare not at all,
in men haue thou no truste:
And this doyng thou shalt be sure
to lye emonge the iuste:

Thē kepe thou my comaūdementes
lo, once agayne I saye,

Euen

The prouerbes of Salomon

**Euen as the apple of thyne eye,
by whych thou seest the daye.**

**And eke aboute thy fingers tenne;
se that thou do them bynde:
And write the in thyne herte wth spede,
and prynt them well in mynde.**

**And se that thou to wysdome saye
thou arte my sister deate:**

**And vnderstandinge cal likewise
thy kynsewoman full neare.**

**For wysdome shall the safely kepe
from women that be ill:**

**So that on harlots fylled wordes
thou shalt not set thy wil:**

**As I by chaunce sate downe to se
the folye of yonge men.**

**And kept me close wthin mine house
and pepte out nowe and then.**

**Beholde I saw a yonge fole passe
the corner of the streete:**

**And hied as faste as he myght goo,
an harlette for to mete.**

**And so towarde the harlots house
he toke his way full ryght:**

C. l.

Thin

In metre.

Thynkyng to scape and not be sene,
when it was almoste nyght.
And sodainlye there mette wyth him,
an harlot proude and bolde:
Whiche alwaye set hyr whole delyte,
to mocke both yong and olde.
For in hyr herte deceyte was hydde,
and wantonnes also:
Which she declard by hyr attyre,
and tokens other mo.
Whose feete coulde not abyde win,
the house, but ranne about:
Now here now ther, in ech blind lane,
wythin, and eke wythout.
She caught the yōg mā kissing him,
and chained not to save:
I made a vowe whych to perfourme,
I purposed thys daye.
Wherfore came I to mete the nowe,
and to beholde thy face:
And thus I haue by happe the founde
my waye as I dyd trace.
My house is deckt w painted clothes
of Egypte the to please.

My

The proverbes of Salomott

My bedde dothe sinell of Sinamott;
of myzre and Aloes.

Come on therfore and let vs lye
togpyther all thys nyght.

And let vs twayne out pleasure take,
tyll it be brode day lyght.

Mine husbnde is not now at home
he is gone farre awaye:

Wpth him he toke the money bagge,
and comes not home to daye.

And thus w many flattering wordes
she dyd hym ouercome:

And also throughe hyz lyngge lippes,
anon she had hym wonne.

Immediatly he folowed hir,
inuche lyke vnto an ore:

whych ledde is to a slaughter house,
where he is kylde w knockes,

Or lyke vnto the folysh lambe,
that skypeth in the leese:

When that the boucher fetcheth hym,
mens appetite to please.

He thynketh not howe shamefullye,
to pryson he is brought.

C.ii.

Wpther

In metre.

Where his body suffreth wo,
for folp by hym wrought.
This harlote vile, of this yong fole
so chaunged had hys herte:
And had anon wounded to death
his liuer with hir Dart.
That lyke a birde he made greate
to fall into the gyn: (haste
Not knowynge of the fowlers art,
vntill that he was in.
For loue I speake full fatherlye
and counsell the eftsonne:
Marke well my wordes wth diligence
obserue them well my sonne.
Let not thine hert in harlots snares
at any tyme be caught:
Be not deceiued, refuse hyr sight
hir pathes be very naughte.
Hir house my son is the ryght waye
that leadeth vnto hell.
The chambers of the same to deathe,
may be compared well.

Argu-

The prouerbes of Salomon,

Argument Chap. lxxx.

The wisemen doeth commend to vs
the sonne of god moste hye,
Whiche is the worde that al thinges made,
and was eternally.

How can you saye (oh mortal me)
that wisdom doeth not crye,
And prudence eke exalt aloude
her voice incessantly?
In places all, as in the toppes
of hilles that be full stepe,
And in the plaine and wide countreys,
and valleys that be depe,
In common places, and nigh the same
in churches and in stretes,
And in the gates of Cities great
where many people meetes.
The mightie word, the son of god
doeth call vnto mankynde,
Which was before the heauens were
and vttereth thus his mynde. (made
O sonnes of men to you I speake
and earnestly do crye,

C. lxx.

My

My wysedome learne to vnderstand,
and kepe it faythfullye:

O herken well, and geue good eare,
of wayghty thynges & wyse:

My lippes shal speke, mine hert shal
much godlines deuyle. (Still

My talke shalbe on vertuous thyngs
wherin I moste delyght.

My lippes abhorre the wycked man
for all his power and myght:

My counselles all, and my preceptes,
shalle be rightuous and strayght:

There is in them no wyckednes,
nor any maner sleight.

To suche as do theym vnderstande,
they be but very playner:

And not to harde for theym to kepe,
if there of they be fayner:

Before gret heaps of worldly goods,
chose thou my disciplynes:

My doctryne is of greater prynces
then is the golde so fyne.

As lyghtsom daies with hys bryght
excellcth & darke night: (beames

wohe

The p:ouerbes of Salomon,

Whē that the skies are full of sterres
oz mone doth giue hyz lyght.

Euen so trulpe doth wysedome passe,
and farre aboue excell.

All worldely wealthe: to it nothyng,
may be compared well:

I whych am the eternall worde,
and equall in all myght.

To god, which al thinges hath made
and created aryght.

Allstaunte ain, from tyme to tyme,
In counsels that are iuste:

And lykewyle ain of al good though=
the geuer when I luste. (tes

And he whych hath the feare of god,
sure prynced in hys breste:

Doth hate all vyce, all pryde of herte,
and vtterly deteste.

The wycked pathes in which to walk
yll men haue theyz delyght:

The double tonge hys neyghbours
which worketh w despite. (hurte

I onely gyue vnto mans herte,
good counsell to deuise:

C.iii.

To

In metra.

To deale vpright in equitie;
and iustice exercyse.

All wisdomē doeth procede from me
as from the very spring,
All worldly strength, and fortitude
to man alone I byng.

By me þ kynges theyr power do take
and rule the earth therby,
And holsoine lawes are stablished,
and kept accordingly.

By me also all Magistrates
the people kepe in awe,
And iudges geue their sentences
according to the lawe.

And suche as do vnfaynedly
loue me, I loue agayne,
And whē they cal, great haste I make
to ridde them out of payne.

All worldly goodes be geuen to me
to do with them my will;

And I haue power whom that I liste
with ioye on earth to fill.

And I likewise of heauenly giftes
haue plentie and great store,

With

The proverbes of Salomon
With me dothe grace celestiall;
remaiue for euermore.
No treasure in the worlde so voyde;
comparde may iustely be:
vnto the fruite and perfecte welthe,
whiche do procede from me.
The tried golde and siluer fyne,
whiche dothe on earth remaiue:
And stones of price vnto the same,
may well be compted vaine.
And in the wayes of righteousness;
to walke is my Delight:
And in the place where iudges do,
accoꝝdꝝng vnto right.
I do also the godly men,
throughe mercye to me call:
And plentuously do them entriche;
with grace celestiall.
With god I haue bene hetherto
and was eternally:
Before the earthe was created,
my father stode I bye.
I was begotte longe tyme before
the waters dyd surrounde:

The

In metre.

The earth, or that the myghty hylles
were setled on the ground.

I was lykewyse befoze the floudde,
had made them selues away:

Or that the earth or lyttle hylles,
were brought vnto theyr stape.

And when þe god þe heauens dyd make,
I was euen then at hande:

And whē the depes he dyd commaund
not to surround the lande,

And when also the firmament,
he made as we now see:

And running sprynges of water pure
commaunded for to be,

And when that he vnto the seas,
assygnd a certayne place:

And wold the floudde not to excede
theyr bondes in anye case,

And when likewise the earth he made
immoveable to stande:

I was wyth hym, and to eche thyng,
dyd put myne helpinge hande,

I dyd reioyce, and daye by day,
I dyd delyght in men:

Great

The prouerbes of Salomon

Greate pleasure eke I had to be
in company of them:

Wherefore my sonnes enclyne youre
and herken vnto me: (hertes

Moste bleste he is that in my wayes,
delyteth for to be.

And doth the same kepe fayethfully,
as I to hym haue taught:

And spedye maketh haste to voyde
the thyng whych semeth naughte.

Geue eare, geue eare I say int sonnes
and learne for to be wyle:

He is a fole and wycked man,
that doth the same despise.

And happye is the man that doth,
heare me wyth good intent.

And he also whose watchfull eyes,
on me are alwayes bente.

For he that hath obtayned me,
of perfite blysse is sure:

And God to hym the lyfe wyl gyue
that euer shall endure.

And who that doth agaynst me synne
doth byng his soule to care.

Nine

In metre.

Nine enemies shal of dreadeful death
be wrapped in the snate.

Argumen. Cha. ix.

From sinfulness the sonne of god,
dothe call bothe younge and olde :
And sheweth plaine the wyckednes,
of harlottes proude and bolde.

A He wisdom high of god aboue;
equall with him in might :
Whiche from the first beginning was
from heauen descended right.
And here on earthe the shape of man
disdained not to take:
Whiche being done, vnto hym selfe
a princely house dyd make.
Wherin wer wrought of marble fyne
pillers bothe large and wyde,
The same therby that he might cause
for euer to abyde.
And then anone great quantitle,
of vitayles did he slaye,
With wholsome metes, & pure good
his table dyd he laye. (wyne
And

The prouerbes of Salomon

And the sent fourth his handmaides
and gaue them to their charge (all
To bidde all men vnto his house,
whiche was so fayre and large.
And saide also full louingly.
yf any sole there be,
Let him resorte vnto myne house
and come streight vnto me.
To synneful men he spake likewise
resorte to me with spede,
And of my breade eate you your fill
prepared for your nede.
And drinke the wyne befoze you sitte
and leaue your ignoraunce,
Walke in the trace among the good
where wisdom ledeth the daunce.
If than thou doest the skornefull mā
admonishe to repent,
Thou doest nothing but work i vaine
for he wil not relent.
He yet ainende his wicked life
whereby he doth prouoke
The iuste and euerlasting god
to plage him with his stroke.

And

In metre

And in the same inturouse,
vnto thy selfe thou arte:
And wynneth hate: for thy good wyl,
he setteth not a farte,
But if thou doste, yea bytterlye,
rebuke hym that is wyse:
He wyl the loue, and at no tyme
thy good counsel despise.
The wyse man dothe aduertismente,
alwaye turne to the beste.
And by the same moze ready is,
all vice for to deteste,
For who so doth the rightuous teach
of this thyng may be sure:
He will make haste lerning to winne,
and therein wyl endure.
The feare of God the fyrste poynt is,
hys wysedome to obtayne.
Of wysedome he shall neuer mysse,
in whom goddes feare doth rayne.
To suche wyl god send ioyful dayes
and wyl theyr yeres encrease:
And all theyr good wyl multiplye,
that they maye lyue in peace.

The

The proverbes of Salomon

The wyseman doth all yll escape;
and nothinge doth he lacke:

The skorning men great synne doth
vpon hys wofull backe. (beare

Of pratyng whores and impudent,
it is the wounded guyse.

Wyth flatteryng wordes and whozish
to tye in the vnwise. (trickes

A chameles whoze of godlines,
doth knowe nothinge at all:

In open streates shee sytteth downe,
that men she may there call.

As they do passe from place to place,
their busines to do.

If anye man do want hys wytte,
let hym go hys vnto:

To whom she wyll not stycke to say,
and boldely to hym tell:

The water that by stealth is gotte,
all other dothe excell.

And so lykewyse the stollen breade,
although the same be sowre:

Muche sweeter is then other breade,
at large while men deuoure.

But

But in thyne harte my louyng sone
 print this my saying well,
 Whoso by her is ouercome
 descendeth vnto hell.
 And who that doth contrary wise
 her wicked waye denye,
 Vnto his soule winth quietnes
 and saued shalbe thereby.

Argument. Chap. f.

The wise man with the folie the man
 is here compared playue,
 The feare of god commended is
 and liuing gatte with payue.

The wise sonne doth his father fill
 with gladnes and with toye,
 But the vnwise with sorow dothe
 his inother hurte and noye.
 And treasure gotten wickedly
 shall profite thee nothyng,
 But wisdom shall deliuer thee
 from death and from his stryng.
 The lorde wil not his holy ones
 in honger to abide,

But

The prouerbes of Salomon
But the vngodly kepe he wyll,
from their desyre full wyde.
An idle hand the thyrifty man,
doth make bothe poze and bate:
But yet the hande in labour quye
the neady crieth from care.
The wyseman doth in somer tyne,
hys frutes laye vp in stoz:
That he thereby in wynter cold
may helpe hym selfe the moze.
But who so that in haruest tyne
a slouggardes parte dothe playe:
A fole hym sheweth and is compelde,
to begge an other daye.
With beuty deckt is the bryght face,
of euery ryghtuous one:
Bnt past all shame the wicked are,
wyth their presumption.
Of wysedome eke the memory,
shall haue a good repozte:
Euen so the name of wycked men,
shall sone to shame resort.
A wyse man wyll admonished be
and that is signe of grace:

D.i.

A fole

In metre.

A foole wyll rather then he so do,
be strycken on the face.
Who so that leadeth a gyltlesse lyfe,
doth walke a way ryght sure:
If thou treadste in the wycked trace,
thou sheweste thy selfe vnpure:
The wycked man beware my sonne,
lest he do the some harme.
Oute of the incuthe of folysh men,
all wyckednes dothe fraine.
The ryghtuous mouth dothe make
a is the wel of lyfe: (much peace,
The wycked mouthe contrarye wyse,
doth alway sturre vp stryfe.
And enuy eke the mother is,
of cursed wordes and fell:
But loue doth hyde full gentilly
the wordes not spoken wel.
The lyppes of them that vnderstand
of wysedome haue no lacke:
But the scourge doth onely belonge,
vnto a folysh backe.
Wyse men doth good knowlege kepe
moze surer then their londe:

But

The prouerbes of Salomon
But nygh to theyr destruction,
Drawe folyshe men and fonde.
The richmans goodes are his ströge
wherin hys truste is all. (holde,
If pouertye oppresse the poze,
the ryche mans helpe is small:
The good is wont to neadye menne,
parte of hys goodes to gyue.
And of his store his neighbours lack
with plenty to releue.
But to bestowe in vanities,
the wycked do not cease:
Such goods as he shuld wel employ
vnto hys neighbours ease.
Take hede therfore and chastisment
receyue wyth all thyne hert:
If thou refuse aduertisemente,
thou playest a folyshe part.
Disseimblinge lyppes are very cause,
of hatred and despyte:
A fole he is whiche flaundersoulye,
hys neighbours fame dothe byte:
Of many wordes & idle talke,
offences do aryse.

D.ii.

But

In metre.

But well is he that can refrayne,
hys tonge from tellyng lyes.
The tonge whych is all innocent
a noble treasure is:
The cruell hart of wycked men
delyght to do amysse.
The ryghteous doth wth their fayre
a multitude endame: (speach
for to embrace muche godlines
and to eschue all shame.
And so lykewyse the folysh menne,
are lyghtly caught in snare:
Of theyr owne words, & trapped fast
or they therof beware.
The blessinge of the lord onely,
of ryches sendeth store:
Thy trauaile is the instrument
wherby he geueth more.
If God do not encrease thy corne,
and blesse it wth hys hand:
Then shalt thou labour but in vaine
in tyllinge of thy lande.
A fole in vyce reioyceth still,
for why, he doth not care:

Yet

The p'ouerbes of Salomon
Yet neuertheless, I the aduise,
of such one to beware:
For at the laste wyth misery,
the wycked peryshe shall.
When godly men shal prospere well,
and dreade nothyng at all:
Ungodly menne shall vanyshe quyte,
and neuer turne agayne:
Much lyke vnto an hurlyng sterne,
mixed wyth haile and rayne.
The ryghtuous shall continue styll,
and hereof be right sure:
In rest and peace of conscience
for euer to endure.
As vinegre good with his sharpe tast
doth set on edge the tethe:
And the thycke smoke vnto the eyes,
is cause of payne and grieve.
A slouthful man and sluggish beast,
the good doth so offende:
Whē they in vayne would haue hym
and he wyl not amend. (thyue
The fear of god doth blesse the good,
and the yeres doth prolong:

D. lit.

As

Tri metre.

As for the yeres of wycked men,
shall not continue longe.

The good doth byde in patience
and shall be glade therfore:

The wycked shall for all theyr haste,
peryshe for euermore.

The waies of god doth courage geue
vnto all godly men:

But suche as lyue in wyckednes,
greate feare dothe fynde in theym.

The ryghtuous shall at no tyme fall,
but stedfastly shall stande:

The wycked men shall dwell in lyfe,
no longe tyme on the land.

The mouth also of godly men,
in wysedome doth delight:

The lyinge tonges of frowarde men,
against the trowth doth fight.

The ryghtuouse lippes are occupied
in wysedomes talke onely:

Ungodly menne abuse theyr tonges,
in shame and blasphemie.

Argua

The prouerbes of Salomon

Argumen. Cha. xi.

To deale vpight here as we taught,
and humble for to be:
And mercy eke commended is,
toynd wyth simplicitie.



In the lordes sight, & in his
it is a thing most vile (eye
wth subtil weight oz mesure
thi neibour to begile (false
But god the lord contrary wise,
in trouthe doth mooste delyghte:
It is hys wyl that all men shoulde,
with other deale vpight
The equall weyght and balaunce iust,
to god ryght pleasaunte be.
When that the same vnto all menne,
do yelde wyth equitye.
Rebuke and shame do folowe pride,
in whom that it doth rayne:
But where there is humilitie,
greate wysedome dothe remayne.
Who dothe not hate wyl, herte, nor
throughtout þ^e world so wide (mind

D. liii.

The

In metre.

The fierce and proude disdaineſul mā
whych is addicte to pride:

Who doth not loue vnto theyr power
the man of humble ſpzyte.

The way whych in doynge good
to other doth delyght:

The ſymplenes and meanyng true,
whych godly men aſſaye:

Doth them directe in holines
and in the perſyte waye.

The wicked craft and wply ſleyghtes
whych in the yl are found:

Do at the laſte caſt downe the ſelues,
and laye them on the grounde.

The day that God in dome ſhal ſytte
to iudge both good and bad:

What ſhal the the goodz vs preuayl,
whych in thys world we had.

The iuſtice yet and ryghtuouſeneſſe,
whych Chriſt to man dyd brynge:

Frome deathe ſhall ſafe deliuer hym,
and from hys deadly ſtyng.

The meanyng true of ſimple menne,
ſhal holde them ſtill vpryght.

The

The pꝛouerbes of Salomon

The wycked trayne shal headlōg fal,
for al theyꝝ power and myght.

The godly folke through rightuouſ-
deliuerd be at laſte (nes

The wycked in theyꝝ owne deceyte,
shal trapped be full faſte.

When death arreſts the wycked man,
wyth hys mooste dreadful darte:
Hys hope is gone, for on hys goodes,
onely he ſet hys herte.

The iuſte man is, by the lordes helpe,
deliueted from yll:

In ſteede of whome the wycked man,
tormented ſhall be ſtyll.

Beware alſo diſſemblynge men,
for they wyl ſone betraye:

Their faithful frēd thꝛough flatteryng
what ſo their mouth doth ſay (wordes
But yet the iuſte and faythfull men,
theyꝝ knowledge ſhal defend:

From all the ſnares of fyled wordes,
which wycked men intend.

If that perchaunce an honeſt manne,
to wealth aduanced be:

The

In metre.

If that perchaunce an honeste man;
to wealth aduanced be:
The hole citye wherin he dwelth,
reioyce as well as he.
And if so be a wycked man,
do happen to decaye,
All men be glade that he so sone
is vanished awaye.
And so lykewyse thoroowe godly men,
a citye shall encrease:
To which by theyr good gouernaunce
is brought both rest and praece.
So that the same in noblenes,
all other shall excell:
As in a ranke of ladies fayre,
some one doth beare the bel.
But throughe the mouthe of wycked
whych honestye do hate:
Hole contries and greate regions
are set at stryfe and bate.
Wherby at length þe same be brought
to ruine and decaye:
And from a fall by no meanes canne,
the selues vpholde and stay.

Accho

The prouerbes of Salomon

Who so that doth hys frende despise,
Doth shewe but lytle wytt,
By thys it semes to lyue on earth,
that he is nothyng fytt.

The wyse man can euen when he list,
from talke hys tong refraine:

Wherby he scapes the daungerous pl,
of hatred and dysdayne.

The flatteryng man and fained frend
that doth nothyng but glosse:

Of hys deare frende vnfaithfullye,
the secretes doth disclose.

But faithfull frendes whose doinges
vpryght and also iuste: (are

In no wyse wyl betraye the thynges
committed to theyr trust.

And where there lacks a gouernour
both politique and wyse.

The people whiche be vnder hym,
shall fall and neuer ryse.

But happy is that region,
whose ruler hath the grace:

The talke of godly counsellours
to folowe and embrace.

Who

In metre.

Who so is bound for straungers detts,
doth byrning hym selfe to care.

And is compeld the same to paye,
Thoughe he be poze and bare.

But he shall lyue in quietnes,
and haue no feare at all:

Whych taketh hede by suretyshyppe,
lest he in daunger fall.

A woman whych is gracious,
and doth apply hyr minde:

To vertuous schole vpon the earth,
is sure greate grace to fynde.

An idle hande can at no tyme,
to welthines attayne.

But he is sure the same to wyn,
that laboureth wyth payne.

The man in whose hert mercy works
hym selfe doth profite moste:

For mercy from infernall payne,
doth rydde hys synfull gost.

The cruell man farre otherwysse,
with malice and debate:

Euen suche as ought be nere to hym,
doth persecute and hate.

Of

The proverbes of Salomon

Of the vaine workes of wycked men,
no profite cometh at all:

Theyr doynges are not parmanente,
but sure to haue a fall.

But who so dothe seke ryghtuousnes
and practyse hyr in dede.

Is sure to haue eternall ioye
for hys rewarde and nede.

And mercy doth prepare the way
that leadeth vnto blysse:

If thou be geuen to wyckednes,
of death thou shalt not misse.

The liuyng lord doth most abhorre,
The man whose hert is yll.

And onely bent to wyckednes,
with whole entent and wyl.

But he doth mooste reioyce in suche,
that in hys worde delite:

And leade theyr lyues accordyngely,
in simplenes of spryte.

A woman which in bewtye doth,
all other farre amende:

And hath no good conditions,
hyr bewty to amende.

Vnto

In metre.

Unto a ryng of pure good gold,
a man may well compare:

The whyche a sowe in hyr foule nose,
continually doth beare.

The iuste menne do reioyce in good,
and holines embrace:

But bent vnto all filthines,
the wycked comne their race.

And some ther be þ̄ wyth theyr goods
their neighbour doth reluc,

And yet the same do still encrease,
thoughe they do largely geue

And some there be contrary wyse
that others robbe and pyll:

Of ryches greate, yet for al that,
they be but beggers styll.

The soule of hyin mooste blessed is,
and neuer shall haue nede:

Which in his store w̄ glad some herte
the hongry men doth fede.

And so lyke wise he neuer shall,
for lacke of drynke decaye:

That vnto hyin doth reche the cuppe,
that traualth by the waye.

The

The proverbes of Salomon

The people curse most bitterly,
the tyller of the grounde:

Which in his barnes no corne at all,
will suffer to be founde.

In time of dertth, althoughe he haue,
greate plenty and great store:

But kepes it close euen purposelye;
to make the price the more.

But blest is he in all mens mouthes,
that when the corne is skant:

Bringeth forth his grain, & suffreth
the market for to wante. (not

He riseth well, and in good time,
for good thinges that dothe call:

The naughty worckes of wicked mē,
shall sone oppresse them all.

Who so in hys bayne riches dothe,
put confidence and truste.

Is sure hereof when he thynkes lest,
to fall into the duste.

Where as the iust and faythfull mā,
shall prosper still in peace.

Euen as a tre in the sprynge tyne,
doth budde forth and encrease.

And

In metre.

And who þ̄ doth through folly bringe
hys housholde cut of frame.
Shal washe hys goodes, & in the end
susteyne rebuke and shame.
And then at length for lacke of wytte,
and spoylynge that was hys:
Agaynst hys wyl the wysemans nede
to serue he shall not mysse.
The tree of lyfe or heauely toyne,
is euen the very gayne:
And frute that iust & rightuous men,
shal reape for all theyr payne.
Finis.

The proverbes of Salomon

In this chapter doth Salomon,
proue allthings vaine to be:
Which raineth vnderneath the sunne.
saue ouely gods trueth and veritie

I Salomon Dauids sone,
kinge of Ierusalem:

Chosen by god to teache the Jewes,
& in his lawes to leade the.

Confesse vnder the sonne,
that euery thyng is vayne:

The world is false: that man is fraile
and al hys pleasures payne.

Alas what stable fruite,
may Adams chyldren fynd:

In that they seke by swette of browes
the trauell of the mynde.

We that lyue on the earthe,
drawe toward our decaye:

Our chyldren fyll our place a whyle,
and then they fade awaye.

Suche chaunges makes the earthe,
and doth remoue for none:

But serues vs for a place,
to playe our partes vpon.

E.i.

When

In metre.

When that the restlesse Sunne,
westwarde hys course hath runne:
Towardes the east he hys as faste,
to ryse where he begunne.
When hoory Boze as hath,
blowen forth hys frosen blaste:
Then zephirus wyth hys gētle bzeth,
dissolues the yce as faste.
Floudes that drynke vp smal brokes
and swell by rage of raine:
Discharge in seas whych thē repulse,
and swallowe strayght agayne.
These worldely pleasures lord,
so swyft they runne theyr race:
That scarce our eyes may thē discerne
they byde so little space.
What hath bene, but is nowe,
the lyke hereafter shall:
What newe devise grounded so sure
that dreadeth not the fall:
What may be called newe,
but suche thynges in tymes paste,
Hath tyme buried, and dothe reuyue,
and tyme agayne shall waste.

Thin=

The prouerbes of Salomon

**Thynges paste ryghte worthy fame;
hath nowe no brute at all:**

**Euen so shal dye such thynges þ̄ now,
the simple wonders call.**

I that in Dauides seate,

lytte crowned and reioyce,

**That wyth my septer rule the Jewes
and teach them wyth my voyce.**

**Haue searched longe to knowe,
all thynges vnder the sunne:**

**To se howe in thys mortall lyfe,
a surety myght be wonne.**

**Thys kyndeled wyll to knowe,
straunge thynges for to desyre,**

**God hath graft in our gredy brestes,
a tozment for our hyre.**

**The ende of eche trauayle,
forthwyth I sought to knowe:**

**I founde it bayne mixed wyth gall,
and burdned wyth muche wo.**

**Defaultes of natures worke,
no mans hande may restore:**

**Whych be in numbze lyke the sand,
vpon the salt floude shore.**

In metre.

Then vauntinge in my wyl,
I gan call to my mind:
What rules of wysedome I had tau-
that elders coude not fynde. (ght
And as by contraries,
to trye most thynges we vse:
Mens solves and theyr errours eke,
I gan them all peruse.
Thereby with moze delight,
to knowledge for to clyme:
But thys I founde an endles worke,
of payne and losse of tyme.
For he to wysedomes schole,
that doth applye hys mynd:
The farther that he wades therein,
the greater doubt he shal fynd.
And such as enterpryse,
to put newe thynges in vze:
Of some y^e sh^{al} skorne their deuyse,
may we^l when selues assure.
E Now sensle fanlies then,
I c^{an} in myne herte reuoke:
And geue me to such sporting plates
as laughter might prouoke.

But

The prouerbes of Salomon,
But euen such vaine delightes;
When they most blynded me:
Allwaies me thought a smilyng grace
a kynge did yll agree.
Then sought I howe to please,
my bealy wyth much wyne:
To fede me fatte wyth costely meates
of rare delites and fyne.
And other pleasures eke,
to purchase me wyth reste:
In so greate choise to fynd the thyng
that myght content me best.
But lord, what care of mynd,
what sodayne stormes of yre,
What broken sleepes endured I:
to compasse my delyze.
To builde me houses fayre,
then set I al my cure:
By pryncely actes thus straued I still
to make my fame endure.
Delicious gardens eke,
I made to please my syght:
And graft therein all kynde of fruite,
that myght the mouthe delyghte.

Immetre.

Lyuely sprynges by conduites,
from their olde course I drew.
For to refresh the fruitful trees,
that in my garden grewe.
Of cattell greate encrease,
I bredde in lytle space,
Bondeme I hadde & gaue the wyues
who serued me with their race.
Greate heapes of shynynge golde,
by sparynge gan I saue:
Furnished wth suche thyng of pryce,
as fittes a prynce to haue.
To heare fayre women synge.
sometyne I dyd reioyce:
Rauished wyth theyr pleasaunt tunes
and sweteness of theyr voyce.
Leminans I had so fayre,
and of so lyuely hue:
That who so gased in their face,
myght well their beuty rue.
Neuer erst late there kynge,
so ryche in Dauides seate:
Yet styl me thought for so smal gaine
the trauell was to greate:

From

The proverbes of Salomon,
Frome my desirous eyes,
I hadde no pleasaunt syght:
Nor from my herte no kynd of mirth,
that myght geue them Delight.
Whych was the onely fruite,
I reft of all my payne:
To fede mine eten, and to reioice
my hert with al my gayne.
But when I made my counte,
with howe greate care of minde:
And hertes vnrest that I had sought,
so wastefull fruite to fynde.
Then was I stroken straight,
wyth that abused fyre:
To glozy in that goodly wytte,
that compaste my desyre:
But freshe befoze myne eyes:
grace dyd my faultes renue:
What gentle callynge I had fledde,
my ruine to pursue.
What ragyng pleasures paste,
perill, and harde escape:
What frensies in myne heade hadde
the liquoze of þe grape. wrought
E.iiii. The

In metre.

The erroure that I salve,
that their fragile hertes doth moue:
Whych strue in vayne for to compare
wyth hym that sittes aboue.
In whose moste perfite workes,
such craft appeareth playne:
That to the leste of them there maye,
no mortall man attayne.
And lyke as lyghtsome daye,
doth shyne aboue the nyght:
So darke to me dyd folie seeme
and wisedomes beames as bryght.
Whose eyes dyd seeme so cleare,
motes to discerne and fynde:
But wyll had closed folyes even,
who groped lyke the blynd.
Yet death and time consumes,
all wytte and wordely fame:
And loke what ende that folie hath,
and wisedome hath the same.
Then sayde I thus (oh Lorde)
may not then wisedome cure,
The woful wronges & hard conflicts,
that folie doth endure?

To

The prouerbes of Salomon

To sharpe my witte so fyne,
then why toke I thys payne:
Now well I finde thys noble searche;
maye eke be called bayne.
As slaunders lothsome, brute soundes,
folies iuge rewarde:
Are put to silence all by tyme,
and brought to small regard.
Euen so doth tyme deuoure
the noble blaste of fame:
Which shuld resound the glozy great
that doth deserue the same.
Thus present chaunges chace,
away the wonders paste:
He is the wisemans fatall threde,
yet lenger sponne to laste.
Then on thys wretched bale,
our lyfe I lothed playne:
When I beheld our fruteles paynes,
to compasse pleasures bayne.
My trauayle thus I spent,
hath me produced loo:
An heyre vnknewen shal repe y frute
that hym the seede dyd sowe.

But

In metre.

But wherunto the Lorde,
his nature shall enclyne:
Who can forknow into whose hādes,
my goodes I shall resygne:
But Lorde, howe pleasaunte swete,
seemeth the idle lyfe:
That neuer charged was wpth care,
noz burdened wpth stryfe.
And byle the gredy trade,
of them that tople so soze:
To leue to such their trauailes fruite,
that neuer swette therfoze.
What is that pleasaunt gayne,
which is that swete releife:
That shoulde Delaye the bytter taste,
that we fele of your grieve.
The gladcsome dayes we passe,
to seke a simple gayne:
The quiete nyghte by broken slepes.
to fede a resteles bzayne.
What hope is left vs then,
what conforzte doth remayne,
Our quiete hertes for to reioyce,
wpth the fruite of our payne.

The prouerbes of Salomon

If that be true who maye,
hym selfe so happy call:

As I whose fre & sumptuous spence,
doth shyne beyonde them all.

Surely it is a gyfte,
and fauoure of the Lorde:

Liberally to spende our goodes;
the grounde of all disorde.

And wretched hertes haue they,
that let their treasure molde;

And cary the rodde that scourgeth the
that glory in theyr golde.

But I do knowe by proufe,

whose ryches beare such bruite,
What stable wealth may stand in wast
and heapyng of such fruite.

Like as the sterneles boate,
that sayles with euery winde:

The slipper tope of worldly wealth,
by cruell proufe I finde,

Skant hath the seede wherof,
that nature formeth man:

Receiued life, when death hym yeldes
to earth wher he beganne.

The

In metre.

The grafted plantes with payne,
wherof we hoped fruite:
To rote the vp which blossoms spred
then is our chiefe pursuite.
And shredde the spraires whose groth
we laboured wyth payne:
Eche frowarde threatenynge chere,
of fortune makes vs plaine:
And euerye pleasaunte trayne of hyz;
reioyce our hertes agayne.
Aunciente walles to race,
is our vnstable guise:
And of theyr wether beaten stones
to bulde some newe deuise.
Newe fantasies daily sprynge,
which fade returnynge moo:
And now we practice to attaine
that straight we must forgo.
Sometyme we seke to spare,
that after wardes we wast:
And that we trauayle for to knytte,
for to vnlosse as faste.
In sobre silence now we,
our quiete lyppes we close:

And

The prouerbes of Salomon

And wth vnbrideled tonges forthwith
our secrete hertes disclose.

Suche as in folded armes,
we did embrace we hate:

Whom strayght we reconcile againe,
and banishe all debate:

My seede wyth laboure sown
suche seede produceth ine:

To waste my lyfe in contraries
that neuer shall agree.

From god these heauy cares,
are sente for our vnrestes:

And wth such burthens for our wealth
he fraughteth styll oure brestes.

All that the lord hath wrought,
hath bewty and good grace:

And to eche thyng assigned is
hys propre tyme and place.

And graunted eke to man,
of all the worldes estate:

And of eche thinge wroughte in the
to argue and debate. (same

Whiche acte thoughe it appoche,
the heauely knowledge most:

To

To search the natural course of thinges
 yet all is labour losse. (ges
 But the wandryng eyes:
 that longe for surety sought,
 Found þ by payne in certayne wealth
 might in thys worlde be boughte.
 Who liueth in delight,
 and sekes no gredy thriste:
 But frely spendes his goodes maye
 it is a secrete gyft. (thinke
 Fulfilled shall he be,
 what so the lord intend:
 which no diuice of mans witte maye,
 appayze ne yet amende.
 Who made all thynges of noughte,
 that Adams children might:
 Lerne for to dreade þ lord þ wrought
 such wonders in their syght.
 The grisly wonders paste.
 whych now are out of mynde:
 To be reuued in our dayes,
 the lord hath so assinde.
 Lo, thus this carefull scourge,
 doth steale on vs vnware:
 Which

The prouerbes of Salomon

Whiche when the fleshe hath cleane
he doth againe repaire. (forgotte

When I in thys bayne searche,
had wandred fro my witte

Beholde I sawe a royall throne,
where iustice shoulde haue sytte.

In steede of whom I sawe,
with fierce and cruel mode:

Wher wrong was set that cruel beast
and dranke the gyltles bloude.

Then thought I thus, the day
the lord shall syt in doine:

To beue hit olke, & chuse the pure,
the spotted haue no come.

Yei by suche scourges sent,
that eche agreued mynde:

Lyke brute beastes that in their rage
and fury by their kinde.

His erroure may confesse,
when he hath wresteled long.

And with suffraunce maye him arme,
the sure defence of wronge:

For death that of the beste,
the carren doth deuoure,

unto

Unto the noble kynde of man,
 preſeꝛve the fatall houre.
 The perfecte fourine that god,
 hath geuen either to man:
 Or other beast, diſſolve it ſhall,
 to earth where he began,
 And who can tell if that,
 the ſoule of man aſſende,
 Or wyth the body of it dye,
 and to the grounde deſcende.
 Wherefore ech a ready herte,
 that rychea lekes to rayne:
 Gather may he his lauer treaſure,
 that ſpringet h o' his payne.
 A meane conuenient wealth,
 I meane to take in worthe:
 And wyth an hande of largeſt in,
 meaſure poure it forth.
 For treaſure ſpent in lyfe,
 the body doth ſuſteyne:
 The heyre ſhal waſt the hooꝝded gold
 amaſed with muche payne.
 He may foreſpyght of man,
 ſuche ozdꝛe gyue in life:

Such

The psalmes.

For to foreknowe who shall enioye,
theyr gotten goodes wyth stryfe.

Domine deus salutis meae.

O Lorde vpon whose wyll,
dependeth my welfare:
To call vpon thy holy name,
sins day nor night I spare.
Graunte that the iuste requeste,
of thys repentaunt mynd:
Sho perce thyne eares & in thy sighte,
some fauour vnder fynde.
My soule is full,
wyth griefe of sinnes paste:
My restles bodye doth consume,
and death approacheth faste.
Lyke them whose fatall threde,
thine hand hath cutte in twayne:
Of whom there is no farther bruite,
whyche in theyr graues remaine.
Oh lorde thou haste me caste,
headlonge to please my foe:
Into a pytte all bottomeles,
wher as I playne my woo.

I. i.

The

In metre.

The burden of thy wrathe,
it doth me soze oppresse:
And sondry stozmes thou hast me set
of terrour and Distresse.
The faythful frendes are fledde,
and banished from my syght:
And suche as I haue helde ful deare,
hath set my frendshyp lyght.
My duraunce doth perswade,
of fredome suche Dispaire:
That by the teares y haue my brest,
myne eye syg' t dot' appaize.
Yet dyd I neuer aie,
thyne ayde for Desyre:
With humble hert & stretched hādes
for to appease thyne ire.
Wherfoze dost thou forbear
in the defence of tyme?
To shewe suche tokens of thy power,
in syght of Adams lyne.
Wherby eche feble hert,
with fayth myght be so fedde:
That in the mouth of thine elect,
thynercies might be spzedde.

The

The 138th Psalm,

**The flesh that feedeth worms,
can not thy loue declare:
Nor such set forth thy fateth as dwell
in the lande of dispayre.
In blynde endured hertes,
lyght of thy lyuely name:
Can not appcare ne can not iudge,
the bryghtnes of the same.
Nor blasted may thy name,
be by the mouthe of those:
whom death hath in silence so,
as they may not disclose.
The lyuely voice or men,
that in thys worlde delyght:
Nor be the trumpe & muste resound,
the gloze of thy might.
Wherefore I shall not cease,
in chiefe of my distresse.
To call on the tyl that the slepe,
my wery bones oppresse.
And in the morning eke,
when that the slepe is fledde:
With floudes of salte repentaunte
to washe my restless bedde. (teares**

I. ii.

With

In metre.

W^oyth in thys careful mynde,
burdened w^oth care and grefe:
W^ohy dost thou lorde appaese,
that shoulde be hys relese.
My wretched state beholde,
whō death shall strayghte assaile:
Cast not from the thaslicted styll,
that neuer dyd but wayle.
The Dreade lo, of thyne ire,
hath trode me vnder feete:
The scourges of thyne angry hande,
hath made death se me full swete.
Lyke as the rolinge waues,
the sonken shyppe surrounde:
Greate heapes of care dyd folow me,
And I no succoure founde.
For they whom no mischaunce,
coude from my loue deuide:
Are forced to my greater grefe,
frome me they face to hyde.

Ante domine sperant.

In the lorde haue I hoped,
let me not fele the blame:

At

The psalmes.

At any tyme I the beseeche,
of disapoynted shame.

But me defende and kepe,
deliuer as I truste:

Now throughe thy mighte wout the
there may no man be iust: (which
Geue eare and rydde me sone,
my fortreffe before me:

In whose defence thou shalt me saue,
if I defended be.

Foz thou art wont to be,
myne holde and my succour:

And foz thy name n be thou both,
my guyde and my fortour.

Thou shalt vntangle me,
from snares that they haue hydde,

To take me wyth: foz wythout the
my selfe I can not rydde.

Into thy cure I shall,
betake my simple sprite:

Thou hast and shalt deliuer me,
most iust in thy behyght.

Alowed I haue not them,
that fetter their endes in bayner:

In metre.

Myne onely hope bothe all and some,
in the doth sure remaine.
Let me (oh lord euer)
thy mercies oft assayde:
My troubles for thou didest regard,
wherin my life was stayed.
And hast not suffred me,
with ennyes power be paynde.
But rather hast thou set at large,
my steppes that were restaynde,
Kewe or ne now (oh good lord)
at hande my daunce & loo:
Myne eye, my life & my fleshe,
alas doth frette for woo.
Moste of my dayes and yeres,
in troubles wasted are:
My strength decaieeth, my bones do
such mischefe me doth marre. (quaille
Dreade of my many foes,
hath made my frendes to swaue,
And they me abhorre wthout cause,
of whom I good deserte.
I am cast as forgote,
as dede in death doth stonde.

As

The psalmes,

As a broke potte of whō the shards,
for nothyng moze can serue.

I hearde the assembles saye,
and thzeaten woo and stryfe:

As thoughe it semde by one consente;
I were not worthy life.

But I oh lorde in the,
settynge my sure beliefe:

Do knowe thou art, what me befall,
my god and hole reliefe.

My ene is in thine handes,
thou knowest what shal ensue.

Deliver me out of myntes power,
which booth my lyfe pursue:

Shewe yet thy frendly chere,
vnto thy simple slaue:

Accorดยnge to thy natyue ruthe,
thou me defende and saue.

Iinputed for no mocke,
lorde let it be to me:

That in my neede myne onely bealpe,
I seke onely at the.

The wicked hath the mocke,
and holde theyr peace in hel:

I.iii.

Bu

In metre.

Buried mought althey be now,
of further helpe that tell.
And let that mouth be dombe,
that woundes hys lyppes to lyes:
Speakynge slaunders of the iust mā
wyth proude disdainefull cypes.
What plenty and what wealth,
hast thou layd vp for those:
That honour the, that hope in the
for whom thou dost disclose.
All openly at eye,
full many a noyde:
That Adams liue et much
and lerne the for to drede.
Thou dost bestowe them ryght,
afoze thy looke and face:
Whych is debarde from wycked me,
they may not haue that grace.
Where thou dost them defend,
from threates of inighty power:
fro venom tonges thou dost the hyde
within thy pleasaunt bower.
Farre aboue all landes,
thy mercies I haue founde:

And

The psalmes.

And wondrous worckes in my defence
as citie walled rounde.

I haue thought me of thyng,
farre caste out of thy syght:

But yet euen then thou heardeste my
my prayer day and night. (voyce

Loue ye therfore the Lorde,
hys goodnes whych do taste:

The symple for he doth defend,
rewards the proude as fast.

Be of good cheare all ye,
that hope of good turne:

For he wil strengthen stil your hertes
that trust in his returne.

Miserere mei deus.

E Of thy greate mercies sake
haue mercy lorde on me:

For thy goodnes do cleane away,
my greate impuritie.

My misdeades put away,
and estones make me cleane

from synne and all impuritie,
the for to serue agayne.

For nowe I do confesse,
my faultes done vnto the:

And

In metre.

And myne offence is neuer fro,
the presence of myne eye.
To the, euen I to the,
haue done thys soze offence:
And this misledede, I shew my fault,
not ferynge thy presence.
But if thou wylt vouchsafe,
of thys me now to ease:
And geue thy worde to me,
I shal not the displease.
Then named shalt thou be,
a god both iust & true:
Most constaunte in thy promises
not chaungyng them a newe.
Yea then I say thou shalt,
be counted iuste in dede:
Condemning them that wil not turne
and call for helpe at nede.
All thyng is knowen to the,
and nothyng from the hydde.
Euen how of synne I hadde no lacke
when I was conceyued,
For why: to it also,
my mother was in thrall:

And

The psalmes,

And when that I conceived was
by hye I hadde my fall.

And though it were not small,
which by hye then I hadde:

Yet in the trowth is thy delight,
whycher wysedome make me glade.

If thou (oh lord) wylt clense,
and purge me fro my sinne,
With I hope washte I shal be cleane,
a newe life to begynne.

If thou wilt putte awaye,
my synne, and me reuewe:

Then shal I be that was once blake,
as whyte as is the snewe.

When thou shalt me reioyce,
and drawe to mirth agayne.

Then wyl my bones be voyde of wo,
which thou sountimes didst paine.

Thy face for thy names sake,
do turne from mine offence:

And for thy mercyes greate I craue,
preserue me now from thence.

Oh Lorde make cleane myne herte,
that I in me reuerue:

And

In metre.

And þy spryte wythin my brest,
alway may me p̄serue.
For thy benignitie,
forsake me not (oh lord)
Ne take away thy blessed spirite,
lest that I be abhorde.
But rather graunt to me,
the confort of thy hande:
Arise wyth thy spryte as p̄ncipal
Send me to withstand.
If that thou wilt thys graunte,
then sinners shall I tell:
Their life how that they shal appoint
in love with thee so dwele
And those that ouerthrowen,
and thral to sinne be made:
They shall repent and turne agayne,
by seynge of my trade.
Oh aucthour of myne health,
from murder make me free:
Thy rightuousnes in mouth shal tel
and praise it certaynly.
Release my tonge oh Lord,
wherof thou hast the cure.

That

The psalmes,

That then it may declare abroad,
thy prayse, and eke thy power.

If that I shoulde applye,
in presence for to bringe:

The outward sacrifice, oh lord,
it woulde please the nothinge.

Ne yet wilt thou regard,
as though thou hadst respecte:

The offering & the heate doth purge,
whych we to thee direct.

The sacrifice wherwith,
the lord is pleased son.

It is the soule with penitence,
that maketh him great in none.

It is the herte of trouthe,
with dolour stricken sore:

Thou canste not Lord despise these
no not for evermore: (twayne

To Sion lord alwayes,
declare thy gentlenes:

Jerusalem the walles therof,
again may haue redresse.

The sacrifices then,
shalbe pleasaunte to thee:

which

A ballade.

Whych shall declare as tokens true,
our inwarde puritie.

I meane the purged offeryng,
and eke oblation:

On aulters whē we, calues shal layc,
thy name to call vpon.

Againste nigardy, and riches.

Nought in thys worlde,
that wealth can attaine:

Unlesse he beleue,
that all is but vayne.

And loke howe it cometh
so leue it to goo:

As tydes vse theyr tymes,
to ebbe and to floo.

Thys mucke on the molde,
that men so desyre,

Doth worcke them inuch woo,
and moue them to ire.

With griefe it is gote,
with care it is kepte:

With sorowe sone losse,
that longe hath bene repte.

And

A ballade.

**And wo worth the man,
that fyrste dolue the molde:
To fynde out the myne,
of spluer oz golde.
For when it laye hydde,
and to vs vnknowne:
Of stryfe and debate,
the seede was not sowen.
Then lyued men well,
and held them content,
wyth meate drinke and cloy,
wythout any rent.
Their houses bui theye,
to th... selues in:
For castles and toures,
were then to begyn.
No towne had his wall,
they feared no warre:
Nor enemyes hoste,
to seke them afarre.
So ledde they their lyues,
in quiet and reste:
Tyll hooorde began hate,
frou east vnto weste.**

And

A ballade.

And golde for to growe,
a lorde of greate price:
Whych chaunged the world
from vertue to vyce.
And turned all thyng,
so farre from his kynde:
That howe it should be,
is orne out of mynde.
For yes beare nowe,
the ne and the bzute:
And onely the cause,
of all our pursuite.
Whych maketh aunge vs,
suche much to rayg.
And shall tyl we seke,
the ryght way agayne.
When mariage was made,
for vertue and loue:
Then was no diuorice,
goddes knotte to remoue.
When iudges would suffer,
no bybbes in their syght:
Their iudgementes were then
accozdyng to ryght.

A ballade.

When prelates had not,
possessions nor rent:

They preached the trouthe,
and truly they went.

When men dyd not flatter,
for fauoure nor mede:

Then kynges herde the trouth,
and howe the worlde yede.

And men vnto honour,
throughe vertue did rise:

But all thys is tyned,
conterayte wyse.

For mony n. all:
and rule a god:

For Ch. not to be,
reode.

And bade th. should,
take nothyng in hande:

But for the lordes loue,
and wealth of the lande.

And willes vs full oft.

that we should refrayne.
From wrestyng hys wyll,
to make our owne gayne.

A ballade.

For couetous folke,
of euery estate:
As hardly shall enter,
wythin heauen gate.
As thowwe a nedles eye,
a camell to crepe:
Why do these mad men,
then hooorde vp and kepe.
Per more then may serue,
thei selues to suffyce:
As though fite blysse,
shoulde that waye arye.
But if they moulded
to synke in their by
What trouble of mynde
what vnquiet reste:
What mischiefe, what hate,
thys money doth bynge:
They woulde not so tople,
for so vile a thyng.
For they that haue muche,
are euer in care:
Whyche way to wyne,
and how for to space:

Their

A ballade.

Their sleepes be vnsound,
for feare of the thiefe:
The losse of a lyttle,
doth worke them much grieve,
In sekynge their lacke,
they want that they haue:
And subiecte to that,
which should be their slaue.
They neuer do knowe,
whyle ryches do raygne:
A frende of effecte,
from hym that doth faigne.
For flatterers like,
where for he doth dwell:
And when he at the loureth,
they bide them farewell.
The poore doo them curse,
as oft as they want:
In hauynge so muche,
to make it so skante.
Theyr children sometyne,
do wythe them in graue:
That they myght possesse,
that ryches they haue.

G.ii.

And

A ballade.

And that whych they wyne,
wyth trauaile and strife:
Oft tymes as we see,
Doth cost them theyr lyfe.
Lo, these be the frutes,
that ryches bynge forth:
Wyth many other moo,
which be no moze worth.
For money is cause,
of murder and theft.
Of battell, of bloude shedde,
whych would god we re-
Of raupn, of wrouthe,
of falle wptnes be-
Of treason conspired,
and eke of forswearinge.
And for to be shorte,
and knytte vp the knotte,
fewe mischefes at al,
that money makes not,
But though it be ill,
when it is abused:
Yet neuertheles,
it may be well vsed.

A ballade.

Now I do not fynde,
that men be denide:

For sufficient thynges,
them selues to prouide.

Accordynge as god,
hath put them in place.

To haue and to holde,
a tyme and a space.

So it be wel wonne,
and after wel spent:

For it is not th^{is},
that 'ntent.

And

so o,

it

d skylle

Th

s mete,

to vse at th^{is} wylle.

As priestes shoulde not take,
promotions in hande:

To lyue at theyr ease,
lyke lordes of the lande.

But onely to fede,
gods flocke with the trouthe:

To preache, and to teache,
wythout any slouth.

A ballade.

For folkes shoulde not nede,
greate ryches to wyne.
But glady to lyue,
and for to flee synne.
Hys will for to worcke,
that is theyr soules healt:
And then may they thynke,
they lyue in much wealt:
For in this vaine worlde,
that he nymme in:
nothyng but myserie
mischief, and synne.
Temptation, vntroie
contention and
Then lette vs not JU 55
by so vile a lyfe.
But lyfte vp oure
and loke throughe our fayth:
Beholdynge his mercies,
that many tymes sayth.
The iuste men shall lyue,
by their good beleife:
And shall haue a place,
where can be no grieve.

But

